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FALL HUNTING.

Gov. ODELL.—What a fine White House rug his skin would make!



SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT.

THE COOK.—Shtay a bit longer, Pat—“t is love thot makes th wor-ld go 'round.”

THE COP.—Vis, Norah, darlint; but 't is not love thot makes th roundsman go 'round, ye know!

THE PLATFORM PRATTLER.

THE PLATFORM PRATTLER is as inevitable as the crowd that fills his platform on the early morning car. He comes armed with aggressive elbows, toes and umbrella, and a store of prattle more deadly than all. Bodily laceration is the injury you expect;—the prattle an added insult.

When you have gained your six square inches of space on the platform by the usual turtle-back formation, it is time to look for the Prattler. You may suspect the puffy little man who beams universally on the mass that has pinioned him to the rail. He opens his mouth and you are sure.

“Well! Well!” he chirps up. “We’re a little slow this morning. Slow but sure, eh?” And an inoffensive toiler at his left is goaded into an affirmative grunt by telling gyrations of his elbow.

“A foggy morning, ain’t it?” he goes on promptly. “I tell you, this weather can’t last long. I told my wife when I left the house this morning, ‘It can’t last long this way;’ and it can’t, you know!”

He directs this triumphant conclusion at a patient clerk whom he has wedged to his rail and punctuates it with his effective umbrella. Your compassion for the sufferer changes to dread dismay as he leaves at the next station and a new mass play lands you within the direct clutches of the Platform Prattler.

“Hop on, boys!” he cries to an invading wedge of humanity that threatens speedy suffocation. “Always room for one more! Now we’re off!”

The car strains, the passengers groan and the Platform Prattler turns on you.

“Tight squeeze, old man!” he puffs, ingratiating himself by assuming a firm position on your left foot.

“Takes a man’s breath away! Going far down?”

You reluctantly admit to a downtown station and court a squeeze of sufficient tightness to deprive the man forever of breath. Then you are his for the rest of the trip.

By the time your station is reached you are in possession of his views on all subjects ranging from expansion to tooth-powder, and he has elicited your personal history by a series of interrogations and nudges. Your mental irritation is more severe, if not more permanent, than the black-and-blue spots you sustain from the encounter. Profanity and Witch Hazel will bring some relief in time.

The Platform Prattler lives in highest Harlem and does business not far from the Battery. No one has ever failed to find him on their platform, or known him to desert his post at any point short of the terminal.

But the Platform Prattler uplifts even as he prods and crushes. In the soul of the platform press he kindles an undying ambition. The toil that draws them downtown opens forward to a fresh goal in the light of the Platform Prattler. There are positions in the upper spheres where one may ride to his business in a cab. And the multitude press forward with rekindled vigor at the nudge and nod of the Platform Prattler.

Larkin G. Mead.

HARD TO GET.

FIRST CITIZEN.—If all the Reformers could unite on one programme—

SECOND CITIZEN.—Exactly! What we need is a Pan-Reform movement.

A REVISED VERSION—
In Time of Peace
Prepare for Arbitration.

EVIDENCE ACCUMULATES that the Chinese Empire objects to being dismembered for its own good.



MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

LITTLE JEFFERSON.—Shouldah ahms! Quick march! Golly! Just see de way he steps out! I b’lieve I ’se almos’ as proud ob dat dog as he is ob me!

PUCK



HIS MODEST REQUEST.

GLADYS.—Cholly asked Ethel to wait two years for him.
EDITH.—Why, has n't he come into his inheritance yet?
GLADYS.—Oh, yes! But he wants a chance to spend some of it himself!



IN CANUTE'S DAY AND NOW.

IN OLDEN TIME good King Canute
Bade courtiers place his regal throne
Beside the North Sea's rocky strand
To watch the waves' will 'gainst his own.

Then as the tide rose, bit by bit,
The kingly sceptre he'd extend
And sternly order back the Sea—
Yet on it came; and in the end

Good Canute doffed his aureate crown
While menials moved the wave-washed throne:
The honest monarch wept; he could
Not bend the Deep's will with his own.

My baby-girl sat on the beach
(I'd builded her a throne-like seat
Of gnarled old stones that lay about)
And shrieked with joy as mad waves beat.

She watched them leave the sky-line dim
And run to clasp the waiting land;
She shouted to each crest, "Come on!"
And each obeyed her shrill command.

Since Canute's day the world has grown
Wiser; and even babes know true
That he who'd be obeyed must bid
Folks do what they were going to.

S. W. Gillilan.

HIS UNCERTAINTY.

"I am old enough," said the Kohack Philosopher, "to realize and understand that what I don't know would fill an overwhelmin'ly bigger book than what I do know. I don't know, and know I don't know, why half of the things that are so are so; and amongst 'em, just at this moment, one of the most unsatisfactory uncertainties, so to describe 'em, that beset me is why don't the people who call it 'program' also say 'diagram' and 'telegram,' and so forth, and thus maintain the average, balance and equilibrium of their pronunciations?"



NOT OUT OF DANGER.

SAUNTERING SAM.—Madam, I'm a deservin' man—
MRS. HOLMES.—I don't doubt it; and you'll be lucky
if you escape what you deserve!

LIVES OF great men occasionally remind us that success is sometimes
due to a mere fluke.

PUCK

AS ANNOYING AS THE AUTOMOBILE.

"I see Mr. Marlin has put a naphtha engine into his yacht, so that he can make it go when there is no breeze."

"Yes; and Mr. Perfume is putting sails in his naphtha launch, so that he can make it go when the engine won't work."

HIS OPINION.

FARMER DUNK.—Lem Hangback says he ain't a candidate for the Goshkonong post-office; but I kinder think he'd take it if it was offered to him.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Wa-al, I don't imagine they'd have to blindfold him and back him into the job.

IN THE YEAR 2000.

FIRST CITIZEN.—It's a shame that these air-ship companies have n't more regard for public comfort!

SECOND CITIZEN.—Yes, indeed! They should at least put on more air-ships during the rush hours.

AN EXPERT OPINION.

GUIDE.—That is the house of Dr. Samuel Johnson. It was bought recently by the public authorities.

CHICAGO TOURIST.—So I've been told. If I'm any judge of real estate they could have got a better piece of property for less money.



HER SUSPICION CONFIRMED.

"Jest look at him, Maria! He must be a poet or suthin'!"
 "Land sakes! The minute he came here askin' for board I knowed that everything was n't all right about him!"

GITTIN' ONTO FALL.



SEEDIN' days are over,
 And the quail begin to call,
 And I'm danged if that ain't Rover
 Got a red-squir'l up the wall;
 And our second crop o' clover
 Caught a frost-nip, after all, —
 And it all means Summer's over
 And it's gittin' onto Fall!

Stored the pippins in the cellar,
 And the cider's got a head;
 And the ellum's turnin' yellor,
 And the maple's turnin' red;
 But it kind er makes a feller
 Somehow feel that Summer's dead!

Thar our gurls come up the medder
 Jin and Sally chasin' Moll!
 I scarce wonder now Maw sed 'er
 Chicks was gittin' purty tall;
 But I mind *her* cheeks was redder
 And she was spryer than 'em all
 When we played in that same medder, —
 Gosh! It's gittin' onto Fall!

Boys are shootin' in the bush,
 And the punkin's turnin' gold;
 But I s'pose we've got 'o push
 Somehow through the comin' cold;
 But it makes a feller wish
 He was n't gittin' kind er old!

For I miss that good old weather
 When the robins used to call,
 An' I was jes' as happy whether
 Had to hoe or set an' loll —
 When me an' June was young together
 And the hay was gittin' tall.
 But this ain't that good old weather —
 For it's gittin' onto Fall!

A. J. S.



A LAPSUS LINGUAE.

"A woman would need the patience of an angel to get along with you!"
 "I—I know, my dear! I do try to remember that you have n't got it!"

ONE GOOD point about the victories of peace is that nearly everybody has reason to celebrate them.

THE TREASURE OF CAPTAIN KIDD.



IT IS N'T necessary to state the exact spot where he buried the treasure, and the information would be of no practical value to anybody, anyhow, because, as this narrative will show, more or less conclusively, the treasure is n't there now.

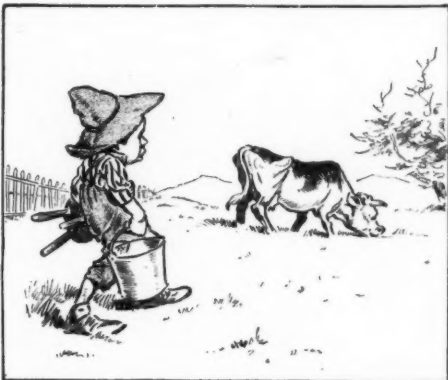
One day, after gloating for a reasonable time over an assortment of coin, ingots and plate, he buried it with the accumulations of his past career and sailed away. But it proved to be a dull and unprofitable voyage, so he concluded to make for a neighboring port and enjoy a brief holiday. Going ashore, he observed a number of people trudging along quite strenuously in a certain direction, each with a most serious countenance, apparently meditating over some deep problem. He asked a man whither they were all going and the man informed him that they were bound for the race-track.

"Indeed?" said Kidd. "Methinks I shall take it in myself. I have a few doubloons to put on the ponies!"

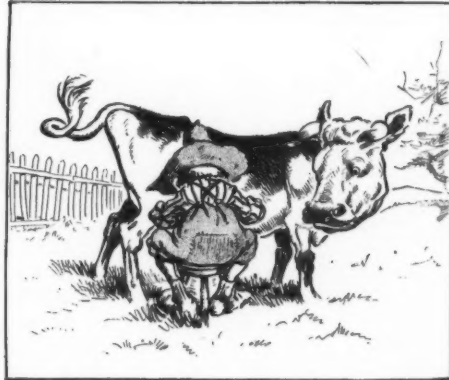
Not knowing anything about the horses, and having no time to find out anything, he managed to pick a few winners that day—ten to one shots and better—and he immediately made up his mind that horse-racing was very much more interesting than piracy. He blew in some of his money that night, but he was on hand early the next afternoon, ready to pick more winners. But the favorites won the second day, and, as the Captain would not back favorites because they did not pay enough to make it worth while, the results were less satisfactory than on the previous occasion. However, he was convinced that there was a stack of money in horse-racing; only, of course, a man ought to know something about it. So he staid up that night studying systems, and, being a man of great intellectual power, he thoroughly mastered a few, and played the most promising one for the next two weeks. Then he sailed away, not because he was tired of the game, but because he had to go after some more bars or ingots or something. He steered direct for his buried treasure and, though he chased a few merchantmen on the way, he abandoned the pursuit as soon as he found it taking him out of his course. He did not want to lose any time getting back to the races. He spent days and nights in his cabin studying past performances, and before he finished his trip he knew the record of every horse and every jockey on the turf. Loading his ship with treasure—he took every ounce of it—he weighed anchor and gave the order, "To the race-track!"

"Another good man gone wrong!" muttered the mate, but he feared to remonstrate. Indeed, he was obliged to listen with feigned enthusiasm to the Captain's promises to put him on to any number of good things. Arrived at his destination, Kidd played, in succession, all the systems he knew, besides a number of specially good things not included

THE RURAL GENIUS WHO DID N'T CRY OVER SPILLED MILK.



I.



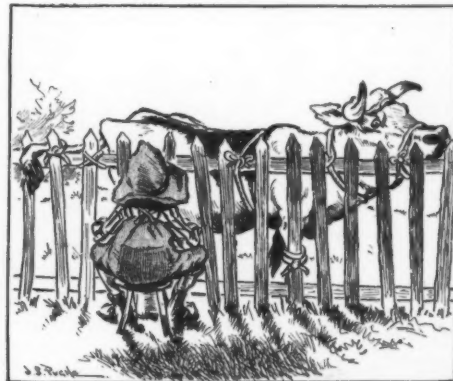
II.



III.



IV.



V.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Captain Kidd's treasure has never been found.

Wm. E. McKenna.



NOBODY TO SUPPORT HIM.

CLARENCE COONLEY.—What 's dis heah "strenuous life" I read so much erbout lately?

MOSE MOKINGTON.—Why, it 's de life an unmarried man libs who tries to lib without workin'.

in the systems. From time to time he went back to the ship for another chest of gold. And the men shook their heads sorrowfully and agreed that gambling is a curse when one is up against it.

And when, in the course of time, Kidd was obliged to go to sea again and chase merchantmen, he could not do it with his former vigor, for no man can properly attend to his business when

his mind is on the races. And when he did catch a treasure ship he went to the track and blew in the money. And, at last, when he stood in Execution Dock he was heard to murmur: "If I had only let the ponies alone!"

PUCK

"GREEN COHN!"



SWEET COHN! Green Cohn!
Picked by sunlight!
Cooked by twilight!
Sold by stahligh! —
Cohn! Sugah Cohn!

Jes es soon es de sun go down
Ah cross de bridge fum Brooklyn
town;
Ah staht to sing in de fus' ob dusk
En sell green cohn sweet to de husk.

Ah take a stan' in ol' Pahk Row,
But if trade 's dull yo' see me go
Down wheh de streets am damp en' dahk
Ah skiht de fringe ob Battery Pahk.

Midnight cum en midnight gon' —
Sol' mah stock ob sugah cohn;
Guine home en whistle gay,
Nickels jinglin' all de way.

Sweet Cohn! Green Cohn!
Picked by sunlight!
Cooked by twilight!
Sol' by stahligh! —
Cohn! Sugah Cohn!

Victor A. Hermann.



JEREBOAM.

Better people than Jereboam's parents did not live anywhere between Cape Cod and Providence Plantations.

But Jereboam had the devil in him.

One Sabbath day his father caught him getting hungry behind the barn. That was the beginning. He was only eighteen, then. Before he was twenty-one he was wearing a moustache.

Jereboam's moral perspective was faulty. He used often to say that it was no worse for cider to work on Sunday than it was for a man to barrel his apples with the fairest fruit on top.

CONVINCING.

FIRST LAWYER.—
But what is the evidence of undue influence?

SECOND LAWYER.—
Why, the money was n't left to our client!

THE SURE HOLDS.

"Remember, my dear, that a woman has two chances to hold a man."

"And those?" —

"She must be too simple for him to understand — or too profound."

JUST SO.

LITTLE ELMER,
(*inquiringly*).—
Pa, what is optimism?

PROFESSOR BROAD-
HEAD.—Optimism,
my son, is a white-
wash for the blues.



EASILY ANSWERED.

THE STUDENT.—I see here, sir, the expression—"He courted her long and ardently." Is there not some other verb that might be used in place of the verb *to court*?

PROFESSOR OWL.—Oh, yes! To wit, "*to woo!*"

TWO SOULS, ETC.

HE.—Miss Smith—Arabella, will you—I mean, why does a hen go over the road?

SHE.—Oh, Alfred, this is so—that is, I really don't know! Why, pray, Mr. Jones?

ONE OF THE POSSIBILITIES.

MRS. WIREPULL.—
This is my little granddaughter.

MRS. BALLOTBOX.—
Ah, little girl! Some day you may be President of the United States!

RECIPES.

"I could beat you to a jelly!" cries Fleurette, in a fury.

"Ha! Ha! You confuse the recipe for jelly with the recipe for beefsteak!" retorts Honore, sneeringly.

Fleurette bites her lip! She can say nothing! Parbleu! It is mortifying.

THE RULES governing the golf costume are more honored in the breeches, perhaps, than in almost any other garment.

PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE REAL "ANARCHISTS."

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S assailant may have been the tool of so-called anarchists. More probably he acted alone, except for such encouragement as he received from the revolutionary talk of the day. As to this, it is doubtful if what most moved him came from the professed anarchists. These are not only fewer than the press would have us believe at times like the present, but they are far less vicious, being more apt than otherwise to discountenance murder. Here and there, doubtless, may be a group of outlaws calling themselves anarchists who are unintelligent enough to advocate the killing of rulers, but their harmlessness is proved by their inaction. Neither Lincoln nor Garfield met his death at their hands, and we shall probably find that they were in no way concerned with the assault upon the President. It is more plausible to suppose that the creature Czolgosz was influenced chiefly by a certain recklessness of speech which some of our public men and newspapers adopted in the Fall of 1896. The Democratic National Platform of that year seemed to bring naturally with it the patter of the French Revolution. Since then we have had talk of "serfs" and "despots," and of the "common people" groaning under the yoke of Capital; of an "enemy's country" and an "Emperor." Certain public men and certain newspapers took the cue and have since been continuously and viciously intemperate in their speech. The patter itself is cheaply acquired by a few hours' reading, and the pose is tempting both to a small man trying to play a big part and to a newspaper aiming frankly to be vulgar. And so in the best country in the world, where there is the most liberty of speech and action for the individual, more wealth per capita, an even distribution of it, and where labor comes the nearest to getting its just wage, we have had a line of metaphor that would have been radical in Paris in 1793. If there were sanity or justice in this school of criticism William McKinley is the most despicable of creatures, assassination was the only remedy for his wickedness, and his assassin would need to be hailed as savior. The wonder is that these champions of the "common people" have had to wait so long for results—to secure for dupe in the end a poor egomaniac who deserves pity even more than censure for being the only person in this good land to take them seriously. If this shall seemingly make too little mystery of the occurrence at Buffalo, or magnify the dangers attending this loose habit of speech, we advise a review of the authorities in question. Reading over their speeches and editorials in the light of this later knowledge will make their true significance apparent.

THE BETTER WAY.

THE PURCHASE by our Government of the Danish West Indies goes to show that buying is one of the best ways to get islands nowadays. The group is said to be important as a naval base whence the Gulf of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama may be dominated, and the purchase was said further to be advisable in order to prevent the islands from going to one of the European powers strong enough to be troublesome. As the agreement stipulates for full citizenship for the people of the islands, and for free trade with the United States, there will be none of those perplexities that have had to be met in fixing the status of our other islands. And the whole thing is to cost but the bagatelle of sixteen million kroner. Considering what a great many more kroner we have had to pay for the Philippines and that they are still costing us more kroner than thrifty people

like to think about, the superiority of purchase over conquest becomes obvious. When some patriotic monographist prepares his paper on "Our Island Possessions and How to Possess Them" he will doubtless remark this truth, that islands are cheaper bought than taken.

LIVING LONGER.

STATISTICS ARE apt to bring confusion upon those who sentimentalize over the good old days of our forefathers. Such amateur pessimists have a fashion of contending that "there were giants in those days" with more of sanity in their ways of living; that modern life is hurried and harassed by modern invention, and that the men and women of to-day too early break down under the nervous strain. When the cheerfuller observer insisted that we were living longer nowadays, the other retorted that it only seemed longer because of the killing haste. But now come veracious figures from the late census to refute those dismal fancies. We are actually living four years longer to-day than we were ten years ago. The average death rate in 1890 was 31.1 years; in 1900 it was 35.2 years. And not only are we living longer than our forbears, but we are enabled to do so for reasons in no way complimentary to them. For we have added to our span of life chiefly by taking more care to keep ourselves and our surroundings clean. Sanitation is distinctly a modern science. We have learned that cleanliness means health, and with all their wisdom the old people did n't know that. When the epidemic came they took it for the chastening of a wrathful God, prayed for the scourge to cease and kept on in their artless, unsanitary ways. Time was when the mere suggestion of a sewer was treated as blasphemous, since it was an effort to circumvent the Deity. But good plumbing and the Higher Criticism working together have made us bold, and the result is already discernible.

A PAINFUL PARTNERSHIP.

NEARPASS.—Labor and Capital act like two small boys.
BENNET.—How 's that?
NEARPASS.—Oh! They can't get along together and they can't get along apart.



THE FIRE THAT WARMS THE SERPENT INTO LIFE.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE BEST BALANCE F

PUCK



LANCER FOR UNCLE SAM.

PUCK



HIS IMPRESSION CONFIRMED.

CITIZEN. — But I am too old to go to the front!
 RECRUITING OFFICER. — Too old? Nay; a man is only as old as he feels!
 CITIZEN. — Nay, then, I *know* I am too old to go!

THE HAY-HAIRED MAN'S BIG SCHEME.

"GREATEST SCHEME on earth!" said the man with a wisp of hay-colored hair protruding from the gash in the crown of his straw hat.

"Insurance against marriage. That's it. Charge fair premiums on all risks and make 'em high on inflammable property or subjects with susceptible hearts."

"Open office. Get furniture on time. Decorate examination room with pictures of doubtful married felicity and horrible domestic woe. Advertise. Draw the crowd. Make tables and rates. Premiums on sliding scale. Backsliders barred. High rates on fair sex between twenty and thirty. Let ladies down easy after they admit being thirty-two. Charge 'em only twenty-six-year-old rates and they'll be tickled into hysterics to think you think they're still on the market. Sure thing. This kind could n't marry, anyhow. You can't lose. Beauties with clear complexions and winning ways must pay high—very high—rates; explain to 'em what great risks they are and they'll pay anything you ask. If they have money you can get it. If they want to marry it, and succeed, contest cases on ground of undue influence. Argue their beauty grew so great that their policies became void."

"Then there's the other sex."



SHE MADE AN IMPRESSION.

HE. — I hope you vill call again. Ve would like to haf you for a gustomer!
 SHE. — I suppose you would. Peezness is peeze!
 HE. — Dot's true; but unter some zircumstances vun finds dot peeze is bleasure!

Most of 'em don't dare marry, anyhow, nowadays. Insure 'em against matrimony. Extra high rates for poets. Casualty clause for business men. Golf players in a class by themselves—so as not to worry others. Twenty per cent. premium from twenty to twenty-eight. Merely nominal rates during sane period from twenty-eight to thirty-six. Little higher to fifty. Big premiums for the old fools, from fifty upwards.

"Say! This scheme is a winner. Greatest bonanza—money rolling in, big office, gorgeous furniture, tremendous force writing policies. Educate the people, corner the market, get rich. Everybody die single—Hurrah!"

"See here, how about it when they begin to die off?" asked the man with the blue moustache. "Premiums all cease. No new generation. Nobody to get married, anyhow; business drops dead—"

"By Ike!" said the hay-haired man; "what's the use of borrowing trouble for the next generation if there is n't going to be any? Huh!"

F. L.

THE WAY OUT.

SHE (*scornfully*). — I despise you from the bottom of my heart!

HE (*cheerily*). — Oh, well, there is always room at the top.

THE LONG DISTANCE TIRE

ON TIME TO THE MINUTE



INVENTION IS MODERN MAGIC
THE
NEW YORK
VEHICLE
TIRE.

Delays, annoyances, discomforts, jolting, eliminated. Long or short journeys on business or pleasure anticipated without anxiety and accomplished without mishap, when equipped with

The Long Distance Tire

No other gives such satisfying service. The most reliable tire on the market—constructed on a simple, sensible principle. The clock face shows a cross-section of the tire. Have your dealer, or manufacturer of carriage or automobile put it on your vehicle—or write to us for it.

NEW YORK BELTING & PACKING CO., Ltd.

STORES:

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| NEW YORK, | . | . | . | . | 25 Park Place |
| BOSTON, | . | . | . | . | 24 Summer Street |
| PHILADELPHIA, | . | . | . | . | 724 Chestnut Street |
| BALTIMORE, | . | . | . | . | 101 Hopkins Place |

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|
| CHICAGO, | . | . | . | . | 150 Lake Street |
| INDIANAPOLIS, | . | . | . | . | 229 South Meridian Street |
| ST. LOUIS, | . | . | . | . | 411 North Third Street |
| SAN FRANCISCO, | . | . | . | . | 509-511 Market Street |

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 32d St. in Greater New
York.

THE danger of ambition's paths lies not in that
they are steep but that they are slippery.—*Ram's
Horn.*

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

ONLY TOO REAL.

"This is what I call real married
life," said the young Benedict who was
just realizing that he had caught a
Tartar.

"I'm glad you're satisfied with
something!" she snapped.

"Oh! I'm not. I merely meant
to inform you that it is not ideal." —
Catholic Standard and Times.

THE time is coming when the up-to-
date Summer resort will advertise,
"No children, no mosquitos, no golf
links."—*Washington Post.*



FLAMMARION

OPERA and FIELD GLASSES—Gold Medal, Paris, 1900
Made under the patronage of the famous Astronomer.
Faultless construction, great power. From \$5.00 up.
See that the name "Flammarion" is on each glass
E. B. Meyrowitz Two Stores 104 E. 25th St. New York
128 W. 42nd St.



A ST. LOUIS man claims that he was
laboring under strong mental derange-
ment when he misappropriated funds
intrusted to him. His friends will now
go to work to scare up twelve jurymen
who are similarly affected.—*Washing-
ton Post.*



GRANDMA'S EXPERIENCE.

"I suppose he'll be less troublesome when he's a little older."

"Well, I don't know, my dear. I remember that I, too, used to keep on hoping so!"

A pure article of champagne is a healthy bev-
erage. Get Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. 40 years'
record.

Health, wealth and happiness. The first will bring
the other two. Get health with Abbott's, the Original
Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

THE best treasures of life are found in the
ore rather than as nuggets.—*Ram's Horn.*

OMAR, THE SAUSAGE-MAKER.

A pretzel und zwei stein of peer, und dou,
Mit sigteen kinder, O mein liebe Frau!
Sitting der pright peer-garten happy in—
Ach, dis wass Baradise alreaty, now!

—*Detroit Free Press.*

HER IDEA OF IT.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I wish you
would save up your money and buy a yacht."

"What for?"

"We need so many things for the table;—and winning
races seems such a cheap way to get silverware."—*Wash. Star.*

VARTRAY Ginger Ale

...In
Competition
Against
the World

received the only and
highest award at the
Paris Exposition of 1900,
in a class numbering 611
exhibitors. THE

Highest Grade
AND
Purest

GINGER ALE
MADE—AND
An
American Product.

On sale at Clubs, Ho-
tels, Cafes and by
leading Purveyors.

MADE BY
The VARTRAY WATER CO.
Buffalo, N. Y., U.S.A.



AWARDED THE
GOLD
MEDAL
At the PARIS EXPOSITION of 1900.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

THERE are eleven hundred different
varieties of mosquitos and only three
different kinds of Colonial Dames.
Every few days we find something to
be thankful for.—*Washington Post.*



A Perfect Form

Send for the "Standard Chart of Physical
Culture." Hang it on the wall of your
bed-chamber. It shows you by carefully
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how to develop your body to the ideal of
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GUNTHER'S CANDIES
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Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
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AN INSUPERABLE OBSTACLE.

"What foolish things they say about the Rockefeller fortune! Here is somebody who claims that if it was in one-dollar bills it would encircle the earth."

"Well, would n't it?"

"Of course not! How would you get them across the ocean?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"When a woman is telling anything she always adds a little to it," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "except it is her age which she happens to be telling."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE attendant at one New York hospital has been discharged for beating a patient, and the surgeon at another was let out for kissing a nurse. They are rather hard to please in that town.—*Washington Post.*

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PATIENCE.—Is your preacher sensational?

PATRICE.—I should say so! Why, he preached a sermon last Sunday, and he took for his subject: "It's hard to keep a good man down."

"Well?"

"Oh! It was all about Jonah and the whale."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HE RUINED HIS OPPORTUNITY.

"Yes; there is no doubt he stole the hoss. But jest as we wuz goin' to string him up he said somethin' about playin' th' concertina for th' last time. Well, th' boys all liked music an' there wuz a concertina in Ike Hunken's cabin thet had belonged to a tenderfoot thet passed in his checks a dozen year ago. The boys fetched it out an' Bill Stump told th' feller thet if he 'd play 'Rock o' Ages' clean through we'd let him go. So we all sat round an' the feller started in."

"Did he play it?"

"Played it clean through. But we hung him jest th' same."

"How was that?"

"Th' dern kiyote played it in rag-time!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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GOOD WORK.

"Mr. Biblus next door just went into his house singing a drunken song," said the minister's wife.

"Did he?" exclaimed the reverend gentleman. "I'll go right in and see him?"

"Do you think you can do any good, now?"

"Well, while he's in such a good humor I may induce him to pay his pew rent."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"MAMA, I see by the papers that when England's new king goes forth he is preceded by a fanfare of trumpets," said little Robby.

"Yes, my son," replied the mother.

"Well, when I wake Papa up in the morning with my trumpet, is that a fanfare?"

"Well, Robby, I can't just now tell you what your Papa does call it, but it does n't sound anything like that."—*Yonkers Statesman.*



MODERATE VIEWS.

ONE MEMBER.—We can't eliminate man from the universal scheme—

ANOTHER.—We don't want to. We merely want to keep him in his place.

MR. CARNEGIE is so busily engaged in giving that he has no time to receive the advice that is tendered him.—*Washington Post.*

Vigorous energy, follows closely upon the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get them from your druggist or grocer. Refuse substitutes.

How we will all lie about the present drouth when we totter around on canes thirty years from now!—*Atchison Globe.*

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Cure

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these
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A HOPELESS REFORMER.

"It is sad to see this mercenary spirit so flagrantly manifested in politics," said the earnest citizen.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have fought against it all I could, but it's no use. I can't get people to vote my way without payin' em."—*Washington Star.*

ANXIETY.

PAPA.—Bobby, you seem to be unusually interested in this great strike.

BOBBY.—Yes, sir."

PAPA.—I'm glad to see you take an interest in the current events of—

BOBBY.—Yes, sir; I'm worried for fear there won't be any steel to make the skates you promised me next Chris'mas. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

HIS GUESS.

"Who was Omar Khayam?" asked one young man.

"I don't know," answered the other; "but I have a strong suspicion that he was a wine agent." — *Wash. Star.*

THE manufacturers of fruit jars are so far behind with their orders that they fear they may never catch up. Now, this should jar the individual who ruins the Delaware peach crop. — *Washington Post.*

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| TOTAL LIABILITIES (Including Reserves), | 27,499,719.25 |
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| PAID TO POLICY-HOLDERS SINCE 1864, | \$44,469,462.48 |
| TOTAL INSURANCE IN FORCE, | \$499,260,653.00 |
| GAINS: 6 months, January to July, 1901. | |
| IN ASSETS, | \$1,270,172.92 |
| IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only), | 4,739,635.00 |
| INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), | 1,165,244.44 |
| PREMIUMS, INTEREST, and RENTS, 6 Months, | 4,538,683.18 |

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PAPA'S OPINION.

"He's poor but she's fond of him, and they think Love will find the way."

"And what does her father think?"

"Oh! He thinks Love had better find the way before an engagement."

"I LOVE the very ground she automobiles on," was the way the up-to-date young man put it. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

Stops Diarrhoea and Stomach Cramps.
Dr. Siebert's Genuine, Imported Angostura Bitters.

AS LONG as a girl tells how old she will be on her "next" birthday, she is not very old. — *Washington Democrat.*

COAL WAS HIGH.

The milkman, the butcher boy and others have caused this east-end resident a great deal of trouble by recklessly driving over his well-cared-for lawn and destroying its Springtime promise. At length, losing his patience, he had a warning sign constructed, which read as follows: "Take the sidewalk—this means you!"

Since that ill-advised sign was placed the gentleman has noticed with growing anxiety the gradual disappearance of boards from his sidewalk, and when he emerged from his house the other morning he was astonished to find that most of the walk had disappeared, and in place of the sign was a crudely scrawled "card of thanks" which contained the brief but expressive word of appreciation, "Thanks."

The East-end resident has come to the conclusion that his neighbors were sadly in need of Winter firewood, and now he has adopted the conventional sign, "Keep off the grass." — *Detroit Free Press.*

OUR heart goes out to the moth that has to eat fur and red flannels these days. — *Atchison Globe.*

"If we'd spend only half as much time as the photographer does trying to see people in the best light," said Irving Tonner, the philosopher, "we'd have a much better opinion of everybody." — *Indianapolis News.*

A NEIGHBORLY DISTURBANCE.

FIRST NEIGHBOR.—Well, my daughter does n't play the piano any worse than your son writes poetry.

SECOND DITTO.—Perhaps not; but it can be heard so much farther. — *Detroit Free Press.*

AN ASTRONOMIC DOUBT.

They say the moon is a frozen mass Put up in spheric form, But if this is the case, alas!

What makes the night so warm? — *Washington Star.*

THE courts have decided that there are three different and distinct breeds of Colonial Dames; and we presume that all of them are harmless as long as you don't question their ancestry. — *Washington Post.*



**PUDDINGS
PIES AND ICES**
are wonderfully improved
by simply adding
a few
**EAGLE
MARASCHINO
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If you will send your name
to Department "F," RHEIN-
STROM BROS., Cincinnati, O.,
we will mail our dainty little
book of recipes:
"Seventy-Seven Delicious Dishes."



A RESOLVE OF AMBITION.

Now, wherefore should a person toil
And sadly burn the midnight oil,
In hope that he may waken fame
To proudly echo forth his name?

The man whose features nowadays
The biggest, proudest page displays
Is he who tells the merits sure
Of some proprietary cure.

And so I shall not seek to climb
By statesmanship, or art or rhyme.
I'll tell the public how my ills
Were cured by Doctor Sellum's pills.
—*Washington Star.*

How would you like to be a book-agent and call on a farmer during this drouth, and try to sell him an "Art History of the World" in eight volumes? —
—*Atchison Globe.*

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH says the mosquitos will hang on until resurrection morn. This is a bit of consolation for those who don't expect to be resurrected.
—*Washington Post.*

SHE.— Do you remember what quantities of love you sent me in your letters before we were married?

HE.— Yes; but why throw that in my face?

SHE.— I have often wondered how they allowed so much of it go through the post-office.

HE.— Why so?

SHE.— You know there is a rule prohibiting perishable things to be transmitted through the mails.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When visitors can't say a baby is handsome, they say it has a fine head; and this compliment is paid whether the head is perfect or of the shape of a gourd.—*Atchison Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT
SMARTLY DRESSED MEN
WILL WEAR THIS SEASON, SEE

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Pennsylvania Railroad Reduced Rates to San Francisco.

On account of the Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to be held at San Francisco beginning October 2, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to San Francisco from all points on its line at greatly reduced rates.

Tickets will be sold September 18 to 25, inclusive, and will be good to return to leave San Francisco not earlier than October 3, and only on date of execution by Joint Agent, to whom a fee of fifty cents must be paid, and passengers must reach original starting point by November 15, 1901.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will also run a Personally-Conducted Tour to the Pacific Coast on this occasion by special train, starting September 23 and returning October 22. Round-trip rate, \$185.

For further information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

When nobody but the women call a man "spiritual," we would rather know more about him.—*Wash. Democrat.*



A REASON FOR DELAY.

SILAS.— If I ain't better by Monday week I'll send for a doctor.

SAMANTHA.— What's the sense of waitin' till Monday week?

SILAS.— Well, on Monday week it'll be jest forty years since I had a doctor. I'd like to make it an even forty years, Samantha.

RELIC.

Above his head, as he worked, there hung, in an elaborate frame, a dollar bill.

"A relic with a history, I doubt not!" observed the other.

"Yes; the trophy of my really first great financial victory," replied the man of affairs. "It is the first dollar I ever escaped from a Summer hotel with!"

When asked if he had had recourse to a rope ladder, he merely laughed, denying nothing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WE ARE reaching that point where every self-respecting cow will go about armed with a certificate of health from Dr. Koch.—*Washington Post.*

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DIRECT ROUTE TO THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

\$9.00 round trip day coach tickets from New York on sale Tuesday and Thursday of each week good 5 days.

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MRS FISKE
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Every Evening at 8:15. Saturday Matinee at 2.

On the sideboard—
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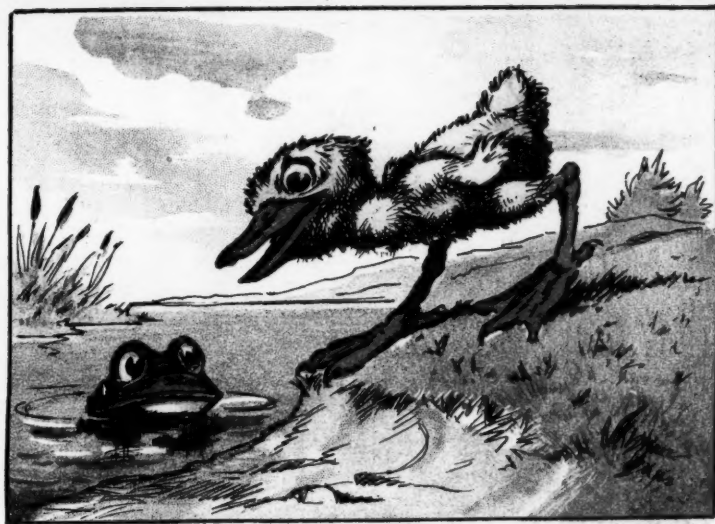
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PUCK



I.

A Doughty Duckling filled with pride,
Strutted beside a lake;
And to a Frog he there espied
The Doughty Duckling spake.



II.

"Ho! Goggle-Eyes, thou may'st not dare
Within my lake to be!
Depart, thou Varlet! or I swear
Thy life shall pay the fee!"



III.

"Ha!" cried the Frog, "thou boastest well!"
And with a fearful leap
He gave a leap, — the Duckling fell,
Quite paralyzed with fear.



IV.

"Whose is the lake?" the Frog then roared,
Pounding his victim's spine;
"Mercy, I beg!" the Duck implored,
"The lake, Dear Sir, is thine!"



V.

"T'is well!" the Frog declared, "and thou
Henceforth my slave shalt be.
Into the lake! I'd have thee now
A riding-horse for me."



VI.

This Fable teaches: "Tit for Tat
Is sure to follow fast."
That Pride must have a Fall, and that
"He laughs best who laughs last."

Carolyn Wells.

THE FROG'S REVENGE.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Born January 29th, 1843; Died September 14th, 1901.

